



The Tiger in a Tux



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Chapter 1 by Weaver

"It" was a local legend.

A story passed along by different mouths.

Something parents tell their children to make them stay away from the alleys and make them go home before dark.

And a being feared by the men in the shadows.

No one knows its name.

No one even knows if its a her or a him.

Some call it " the it" while those who had an encounter call it "Saber".

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"The it in a tiger mask," the butcher said as I held up the pig's head as I was asking the locals in the market.

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"Oh, the tiger in human flesh." one boy described the local legend, and it caught my interest. His name, I later found out was Kit.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, making my way closer to him.

"What I said is what I said. It is a tiger in human flesh." Kit looked at me with eyes not that of a child, icy blues in contrast to his dark skin.

"If you don't believe, then don't. One thing is for sure, I know what I saw." he said those words as if it were facts. I wanted to ask him more but then, a sudden surge of people came and as the crowd left, Kit was also gone. I frantically searched for messy curls and the red tattered shirt.

I caught his image with the crowd going towards the market exit and without hesitation followed his small form. This kid knows more about this Saber person. I've been in this field for a long time and from his tone of voice I know that he would be my lead to this story. And then he was gone again until I caught a red flash into one of the darkened alleys. Without hesitation, I ran towards the alley and went in.

Chapter 2 by Lou Elms



The air was dank and thick with the stench of the grime that littered the concrete of the ground. Slowing my pace, i wandered further down the alley. It grew dimmer as the final residues of the street lights faded away, leaving me in near darkness save for the glimmer of the crescent moon. I debated turning back, but then a scream cut through my thoughts and I froze in my steps.

Chapter 3 by Weaver



"Run!" a panicked voice shouted. Was it for me? Or somebody else?

I didn't know but the urgency of the voice gave my body control over my brain. And I ran full speed farther down the alley as a shiver ran through my spine.

And then I stopped with a skid, my camera, a heavy weight upon my neck as I catch my breath.

It was a dead end

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I looked around the place. The abandoned building was illuminated by a light coming from the ladders that were attached to the back of buildings. They were slimy and full of grime from years of neglect.

That was when I hear it.

A deep guttural growl.

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